

WESLEYAN ALMANAC.

JANUARY, 1879.

Full Moon, 8 day, 7h, 34m, Morning. Last Quarter, 15 day, 6h, 48m, Morning. New Moon, 22 day, 7h, 57m, Morning. First Quarter, 30 day, 7h, 31m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data for January 1879.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon, a Southern gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Corwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Thro.

OBITUARY.

MRS. CROCKETT was born in the year 1790, at Dunfries, Scotland. In 1816 she emigrated to Prince Edward Island in company with her husband...

Mrs. Crockett was advanced in years when led to Christ, and not until her natural eyes had become dim were her spiritual eyes opened to see "the fairest among ten thousand as the altogether lovely."

After a period of great suffering, yet uncomplaining patient waiting, her Lord appeared, and full of days and well stricken in years she joyfully bade adieu to friends and earth to enter upon the fuller joys on high, August 11th, 1878, in the 88th year of her age.

J. C. BERRIE. Murray Harbor South.

AMASA BETTS, ESQ. of Middleboro', Cumberland Co., N. S., departed this life on the morning of the 24th Dec., at the age of 64 years.

For the last four years Bro. Betts has suffered in a very painful state of illness, but has ever manifested a patient resignation to the Divine Will.

After his conversion to God he was intrusted with large responsibility in the erection of the Middleboro' Church, and gave a satisfaction to those interested. He wished to outlive his parents that he might minister to the wants of their age.

BRO. GEORGE WIGGINTON was born in Inkerbau, England, and died at Margate, P. E. Island, July, aged 81 years.

Of the circumstances of his conversion I have no knowledge. I know not what agency was employed to bring him to Christ. All I can say is, that at a very early age he was induced to remember his Creator, to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

is no office in the Methodist Church more difficult to fill, yet for more than fifty years, with marked success, he discharged the duties of this position, and will, no doubt, from it have many stars in his crown of rejoicing.

Bro. Wigginton's zeal in the cause of his Master could not be restricted to the class and prayer meeting, it took a wider and more extended range. With Bro. Hudson and others, his name appeared on the Circuit Plan as a local preacher.

His home for years was an open house for Methodist ministers. He was a most generous supporter of our cause in all its departments, and at his death left quite a sum to sustain the work of God on the Tryon and Margate circuits.

On the Sabbath previous to his death he led a prayer meeting in the church in Marvate, never for years with more freedom of utterance, with more of the unction of the Holy One. On Tuesday he was prostrated with paralysis, and on Friday morning was not for the Lord took him.

BRO. R. HUDSON

of Tryon, P. E. Island, in a brief communication to me a short time before his death, wrote—

"I was born in Yorkshire, England. My parents were nominal Christians. My father died when I was very young, I, at the age of eleven was apprenticed to a trade in a country village, where, amid the errors of the wicked, I soon learned to walk in their ways."

When about 15, while on a visit to a sick relation, a religious conversation between two pious persons deeply impressed his mind,—sleepless nights followed, until in the bitterness of his soul he was induced to visit a prayer-meeting where, in prayer and the exercise of faith, he obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sin.

In 1817 he embarked in a vessel to P. E. Island, and after a passage of ten weeks and one day, he reached Charlottetown, where he remained for a short time, after which he removed to Tryon. Bro. H. did not leave his church membership and religion behind him, or drop them on his passage.

He possessed a clear and analytical mind; his resumé and expositions of the Word of God were lucid and graceful, and on many occasions produced deep and lasting impressions. Speaking of his work in this department of his Master's vineyard, he said, "I can boast of no great ability in this office. If I have been the instrument in the hands of God in the conversion of one soul, my labor has not been in vain in the Lord."

the responsible position as a representative to the House of Assembly for two terms of four years each, and as chief magistrate for many years in this community he conscientiously and faithfully discharged his legislative and legal duties.

For forty years he aided in the capacity of Circuit Steward, and the duties of this office were executed with honour and self and comfort to the minister. It was, no doubt, due, in a great measure to his oversight and earnest solicitation that the Bedque and Tryon Circuits reached their position of independence.

It was my privilege to visit him during the evening and sunset of life. The happiness of his last days was in some measure marred by a strange hallucination. Speaking of it, he said, "It was mysterious that Providence permitted him to suffer so much from imaginary wrongs, but," he added, "herein is my consolation, it was brought on by an injury sustained in the service of the Lord."

A little while before his death, lying calm and collected, said a friend to him, "The Lord will be with you when you pass through the valley of the shadow of death." "Oh," said he, "there is no shadow now, it is all light. I had often feared the hour of death, dying, not the hereafter, but it is all removed now."

A FRIEND. Jan., 1879.

MR. JOHN LOCKHART.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." This we believe to be true of the subject of the following obituary notice. The late Mr. John Lockhart, of Newport, passed peacefully away from earthly toils and sufferings Dec. 20th, 1878. Our deceased friend was awakened to a sense of his lost and undone condition as a sinner under the ministry of the late Rev. Wm. Crocombe; for a time he was in deep distress, and sought the Lord with many cries and tears.

On last Sabbath Evening Rev. E. E. England improved the occasion by preaching a very impressive funeral sermon from Job cxli: 2. F. S. W.

age and feebleness extreme the few remaining days of her pilgrimage, and when the Master shall come and call for her, it may be to meet the spirit of her husband in the rest which remaineth to the people of God.

AMELIA WHOOTON.

At Port Mulgrave, Dec. 23rd, 1878, "fell asleep in Jesus," Amelia, aged 18 years, beloved daughter of Frances and Charles Whooton. The subject of this memoir, was possessed of a frank and loving disposition, and had endeared herself to many hearts, by her affectionate ways and kindly consideration of others; she was ever ready to watch and attend those who were prostrated on beds of suffering, and we are assured there are many in Port Mulgrave who will ever remember with affection her unselfishness and loving attention.

On Wednesday night, Amelia retired to rest, seemingly in perfect health, but before midnight she was taken violently ill; and passed away on the next Monday evening. Previous to her illness she had not made any profession of religion, although always manifesting the greatest respect for it and being the child of a pious praying mother she knew the necessity of a change of heart but had not been "fully persuaded" to surrender her all to Christ.

On last Sabbath Evening Rev. E. E. England improved the occasion by preaching a very impressive funeral sermon from Job cxli: 2. F. S. W.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Well boys and girls, this is a cold day. I look out of my window and see snow all around; the trees are prettily tipped with white, the ground covered over; in the distance fifty or a hundred youths are skating, and there is a good deal of frolic; but I find that many of my neighbours are very poor and in great suffering, and this has led me to think of the ways in which God helps poor people by putting it into the hearts of His servants to be kind to them, and I thought you would be glad to read a story on the subject written by a lady named Mary P. Hale; it is called

DO YOU KNOW ANY ANGELS!

"Matches! matches! buy any matches, sir?" "No, no; don't want any. Besides you should not come up the front-door steps."

pause for a few moments after closing the door.

The child was neatly clad, with a blue jacket and dark cap, he had moreover a very winsome face and voice, and on a second look Mr. Train stood gazing at him in surprise. Then the boy said:—

"Please, sir, do you know any angels?"

"The gentleman looked still more surprised, and said—'Why do you ask me that, my little fellow?'"

"Because mamma said, 'please God send an angel to show Lonnie where to go.'"

"A tear moistened the old man's eye; he involuntarily put his hand in his pocket, intending to buy all the boy's matches. Then he said:—

"Your mother—is she living?" "Yes, sir, but she's queer now since father died. Sometimes she talks to papa, though he isn't here. Josie says she's uncanny."

"How came you, such a little fellow to think of selling matches?" "Cos when mamma's money was gone Josie brought us some food, and mamma said, 'I can't bear this, Lonnie, then I whispered to Josie, 'I'll go and sell m' matches,' and Josie helped me."

"Who's Josie?" "The servant girl who used to live with us."

"Then," said Mr. Train, as he opened the door, "come in, my child. I think God sent an angel to guide you here, in answer to your mother's prayer. Come in, I will call Mrs. Train."

So the boy was led into a beautiful room. Mr. Train went upstairs and told his wife all I have been telling you. He then added:—

"The child has found his way to my heart already."

Mrs. Train went down and spoke kindly to the little fellow; then turning to her husband, she said:—

"Oh just suppose this was our little Eddie!"

Then she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her husband turned with quivering lips to the picture of the little boy that hung upon the wall; then, looking tenderly upon his wife he said—

"Eddie will never know sorrow. Perhaps God sent him to guide this little one here; and we will help him in his sorrow."

"Just what I was thinking husband, dear," said Mrs. Train, drawing the child to her and kissed him.

Then he put his arms around her neck, and said, "Does your little boy live in the sky? There's where my papa's gone; perhaps he knows him."

"This idea of the child thrilled the motherly heart of the lady, and seemed to be a strong bond between her and the little stranger. With her arm around him, she replied—

"I dare say it is, my darling. And now we are acquainted with each other and I intend to see you often."

"O, thank you! thank you! And now please to let me go tell mamma; it will take her sorry look away and make her well."

"Yes, dear," replied the lady; "I will go with you at once, and carry some nice things to her."

As soon as the child reached his mother he rushed into her arms, and said, "Mamma, mamma, here's the angel's mother. God sent her here and she loves me."

The poor lady who had been sitting with folded arms and downcast face looked up as if bewildered; there was a strange look in her eye which indicated mental derangement.

Mr. Train spoke in a cheerful voice, saying, "I have become acquainted with your dear boy. I love to visit the sick, and hope you will allow me the privilege of leaving you a few delicacies."

"George! George! exclaimed the invalid, gazing upward. Then you sent her. I thought you would."

"God sent me. I am His servant, and am already paid," answered Mrs. Train.

"Oh, Oh! that is good—that is good!" replied the invalid; and the anxious, melancholy look gave place to a more tranquil expression, as she said, "Then I can take it." Having partaken of some refreshment, she revived a little, and turning to her new friend said, "Come close to me."

Mrs. Train did so: and the sick lady said, "George is waiting for me. I shall soon go to him. But my darling—my darling boy, what did my father say?"

"I will take care of him. I have a very pleasant and happy home for him."

The invalid drew a deep sigh as if she would throw off her burden; then laying her head upon the shoulder of her attendant, she exclaimed, "Thank God! now I can rest." Then she seemed to fall into a quiet slumber. She lived but a few weeks, yet remained in a peaceful, contented frame, and died saying, "Jesus, bless my boy!"

Mrs. Train took the weeping child in her arms, and said, "I will take the place of a mother to you, my darling;" and thus God provided a happy home for little Lonnie.